

## Uncle Tupelo "Criminals"

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We've got two kinds here  
Those that bleed the blood and those that work to will it  
Can't believe the big screen, there's no justice in the  
hall  
We're all criminals waiting to be called

We've got shackles to keep the laws  
Made by men who bought and sold themselves  
With not a prayer to keep their powers at bay  
They want us kinder and gentler at their feet

They say, "Don't step off the sidewalk and don't cross  
over the line"  
But we'll serve time at night when the light begins to  
dim  
When the smoke seems to clear you can say what you  
want  
We're all criminals here

How many times will the teeth bite  
The tongue looking for salvage in the damage that's  
done?  
Oh, I searched for you, every place I thought I knew  
Sill we're criminals looking for something to do

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